UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1912. NUMBER 19.

We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccesible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not what we have.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The *Christian Life* tells us that thirty infants out of every hundred born die within a twelve-month in Bavaria, the land of beer, and that twenty years ago a similar percentage prevailed in Norway, but now that Norway has become the most sober country in Europe, the 30 per cent has dropped to less than nine per cent. Think of it!

Margaret Jenkins is the name of a Welsh woman who has recently passed on in her seventy-first year, and who, according to the *Christian Life* (London) "played the part of father and mother to the three children whose father left them thirty years ago." Though pressed with many difficulties she gave them all a good education, and two of them entered the Unitarian ministry. She thoroughly understood the attitude of all liberal thinkers and "could give a reason for the faith that was in her." What a splendid record! What a career to be emulated by mothers more favored by circumstances, more abundant in external resources.

The Unitarian Church of Jackson, Michigan, has a People's Forum open every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock for the discussion of the live topics of a living present. The announcements for the first six Sundays in the year include the following topics: Radical Legislation in New England, Socialism in the United States, Economic Determinism and the Class Struggle, The Higher Socialism, Political Ideals and the Social Evil. Among the speakers we note one "Rev.", one "Prof.", one "Dr.", and two "Esq's", —the latter may be interpreted as simply plain men,— but never a woman. Let other towns "go and do like wise," particularly such towns as are favored with Unitarian Churches, for they are peculiarly advantaged for such a campaign. They occupy a non-creedal, a hard-working and a continuously inspiring position.

The Chicago Political Equality League announces a lecture for Saturday afternoon, January 13, by Louis F. Post, Editor of the *Public,* on "As One Man Thinks;" and on the 27th, at the same hour, an address on "Property Rights of Women," by Martha Strickland Clarke. These meetings are held in Music Hall, Fine Arts Building, 410 South Michigan Avenue. Thus the inevitable work goes on. It is to be regretted that these "equality leagues" should still be largely the result of feminine activities, which perpetuate the line they seek to obliterate. A woman's organization, battling for woman's right to stand alongside of man in that upper zone where there is neither man nor woman but human, is an anomaly. The next step forward will be the leagues of men *and* women, clubs of men *and* women committed to the common interests of man and woman. Perhaps before this is realized there will be a rehabilitation of the churches, making them a more adequate vehicle of progressive ideas, civic interests and community responsibilities. For this work the church is pre-eminently fitted, because with all its faults it has always been a home of men and women, a workshop of earnest souls of whatever race, age, social, financial or sectarian standing.

Our English exchanges bring us notice of the death of the Rev. Silas Farrington, at the ripe age of eighty-two. While sojourning with his wife at Cannes, France, in the full enjoyment of life, he yielded to his passion for nature and for climbing, and in company with a lad sought a high peak from which to view the city in its evening lights, and with "How beautiful!" on his lips, he fell outward and onward. A Presbyterian minister read the sentences. The wife writes—"There were but three of us by the grave" in the little Protestant Cemetery of the town that received the remains, which will rest under a French flag,—this much loved Americo-Anglican. For forty years Mr. Farrington has been the American in England, winning an enviable record as a Unitarian minister in several important pulpits, making for himself an English career, but he was a full grown American with a well-loved constituency on this side of the water before he sailed from a ministry to which he never returned. At Germantown, Pa., and Janesville, Wisconsin, he did a work to be remembered, and through all his English years he kept the wires

alive that connected him with his American home, particularly by means of the letters to the *Christian Register,* which helped many an American to keep up with the times on the other side of the water. He was an independent thinker, one of the earlier Unitarians who realized that the *word* was too big to be bounded by denominational lines, and the message too vital and large to be sectarianized. The *Inquirer* (London) quotes interesting reminiscences from Professor C. H. Herford, who tells how forty years ago this New England preacher scandalized an English Unitarian audience by preaching without a gown and otherwise defying the "traditional apparatus of Unitarian orthodoxy." His hearers were distressed by an oratory that was blunt and homely, a strong American accent and a pronunciation "which took no account whatever of British canons of speech." To further quote:

> He hated labels, particularly the denominational label; he had gone beyond any narrowness of mind, and in every faith he discovered something inspiring. He sometimes found it in the new great cathedral at Westminister, yet his faith and that of the Roman Catholics were poles apart.
>
> His letters from abroad were full of the keenest enjoyment of mountain and lake and descriptions of chance acquaintances so vividly written that you felt you also had met them. In a few words he would give you pictures of sunrise and sunset, of glaciers and rolling clouds; and through the whole ran the joy of life more and more till that last day, the red-letter day of this last journey, when he said, "I am much impressed by the glory of this world. Splendid days, splendors of sea and shore and sky, magnificent situations, structures, and especially magnificent people." His last words on earth were: "How beautiful it all is!" Let us say, "How beautiful it is to have known such an one." Let us speak especially of his love and friendship, for friendship, which has as many facets as a diamond, was in his case as enduring. So leave him resting under bluer skies than ours, where the roses bloom in winter and the spring is not long delayed.

He'er, His'er, Him'er

The above are the new pronounss with which Superintendent Ella F. Young, of the Public Schools of Chicago, surprised, amused and delighted, as the case might be, in an official address to an audience of school teachers, an overwhelming proportion of whom, in Chicago as elsewhere, was necessarily feminine, while usage and the limitations of the English language necessitated her addressing them with the masculine pronouns of *he, his and him.* The poverty of the English language in words and terminations of the common gender is a matter universally recognized and lamented by scholars.

This linguistic deficiency is getting more and more irritating with the growth of intelligence concerning the element of sex in human life. The need of a common gender is not now limited to effective and elastic speech but is made more evident and pressing by the scientific, philosophic and ethical recognition of the fact that there is an ever-increasing domain in the intellectual, social and ethical realms above and beyond the characteristics of sex.

We have recently alluded in these editorial columns to Thomas Wentworth Higginson's illuminating chapter entitled "Physiology," in his book on "Women and the Alphabet," in which, after Lord Melbourne, he complains of "too much natural history" in discussing the problems of women. This insistence of one who was as clear a thinker as he was brilliant a reformer grows more and more necessary with the growth of thought and the exigencies of progress. Away down on the biological tree, sex variation seems to be fundamental and absolute. Life itself terminates with the consummation of sex when the perpetuity of the species is secured. In the human realm there was a sociological era when the sex element so far as the female is concerned was final and the prowess of the male manifested itself in capture. He went wooing with the bludgeon, the arrow and the javelin. Women represented the proud booty of war. Farther along, but still in the era of crude sociology, the gallant was the man of wiles, of strategy, the hero of intrigue and exploitations, of duels and refined capture of other men's wives. This was the so-called "age of chivalry," a lecherous age, the age of the Sir-Knight who gave eternal allegiance most often to the "lady" already pledged to another. This age, if it ever existed, degraded woman into a doll, a plaything, a decoration, an attachment to the male, a lean-to, a "clinging vine," a dainty angel. This is the age when minstrelsy taught the love-lorn swain to twang his lute under his lady's window, generally to find that it was the wrong woman, or perhaps the maid, that responded at the casement. This was the age, if it ever existed out of the realm of romance, of silly poetry and a corrupt aristocracy, of cruel laws, economic tryranny, and an industrial serfdom and slavery, when labor was considered degrading, and whoever must needs indulge in it, whether male or female, were considered dishonored and degraded, as our words villain, peasant, serf, henchman, slave indicate.

Not until the incidental character of sex,—psychologically speaking,—was recognized in the human realm, did chastity, domesticity, fidelity and democracy become a fundamental insistence. It is not true now that marriage is the end-all, the aim-all, of either men or women, if it ever was true outside the academic realm of philosophy and the sentimental realm of arrogant ignorance and degenerate egotists. It is not true that the life of either man or woman is necessarily blighted, touched with forlornness, or, what is worse, limited in its usefulness, unless marriage, however defective the union may be, is consummated. The perpetuity of the race is a prime concern of nature and it has amply provided for the same, but in the realm of the human, at least, there is a vast extra-sex

domain in which men and women have joint interests and, through the developments of civilization, are joint tenants. A recognition of this fact is the surest safeguard of the sex life,—the only solid foundation of the home and the only way in which the peace as well as the efficiency of family life can be secured. Passion, the intoxications of love, the rhapsody of the sentimentalist, the "affinities" of selfish romance, lead not to monogamy, but if not corrected, stop not short of social disintegration, of promiscuity. Monogamy is enforced by law, civilization, morals and religion, because through the sanctity of contract, the sanity of mutual obligations, the solemn responsibility involved in parenthood are thus better enforced. Love, sexually interpreted, is no guarantee of marital fitness or of family felicity. But marriage is a contract involving not only the man and woman but society and the rights of the unborn. The responsibilities of parentage form a life-binding contract, the observance of which through all the vicissitudes of health, strength, prosperity, property and conventionalities, are the only sure safeguard of the home, and when this partnership is recognized in the realm of the common gender, love finds its most efficient safeguards. When marriage misses ecstasy, it must still find duty and the home is still a shelter. Though it be through stress and storm, it may win peace and harmony. When the so-called "sex attractions" seem to wane, the obligations and the inspirations of parenthood hold, and the light which father and mother once saw only in each other's eyes, now beam upon them through the eyes of their children also.

The need of pronouns in the common gender is most enforced by psychology and religion. There is a vast and growing realm where woman is not one whit more dependent on man than man is upon woman, and where each can, should and eventually must, beat out their lives as units in the great commonwealth of democracy. It is an inheritance from the rule of the powerful, the reign of brawn, that compels us in speech, to give so much more emphasis to sex in woman than in man. Marriage is a holy sacrament, but it is no more needed by the one than the other, and ought to carry no more responsibility to the one than to the other. It may be well to differentiate married from unmarried women by the artificial titles of "Miss" and "Mrs.," terms which unconsciously carry with them an implication of relationship, not of age. It might also be very well if the same distinction were carried out among the male members of the human family. Let all unmarried men be "Master" and all married men be "Mr." to the end of life. Smith would be "Master Smith" to eighty if unmarried. Brown would become "Mr. Brown" at eighteen if married.

Readers of UNITY have already suspected that this editorial is inspired by the recent articles from the learned pen of our esteemed contributor, Professor G. B. Foster. We have given him free access to our columns where, with his accustomed academic clearness, he has enforced a theory of woman in which sex is the main and fundamental and determining quality of her life, while by implication he makes these factors subordinate elements in the life of the male. Perhaps this is not his thought, perhaps the views expressed above are his also, at any rate we desire no controversy with one whose mastership in philosophy we are so willing to recognize. Happily, "the woman question," so called, is no longer a question of philosophy, still less a question of physiology; it is not even an historical question, unless one recognizes that history is a movement, a flowing stream, not a fixed stratification.

However it was with woman in the past, she is now increasingly a unit in the commonwealth of mind, an active, useful, self-reliant citizen in the democratic state, a co-worker with man, an equal partner in the marriage contract. However it may have been in the past, her joy, her peace of mind, her felicity of heart, will be found in the future not in her abandonment to the adoration of any man, however ardent or high his devotions may be, but in the control of her feelings, curbing love itself, compelling it to be subservient to judgement, duty, and the well-being of the home and the State. An isolated home is as unstable as an isolated love. The old text, "For none of us liveth to himself and none dieth to himself," takes on sociological significance—no man or woman can live or die unto themselves, and no home can be safe or be perpetuated if based on selfishness.

Perhaps the good Professor Foster expected the storm of criticism that he has brought down upon his head. We have held the remonstrants off until he has had his say. We make room for some of them in this issue. UNITY tries to eliminate controversy and personalities from its columns, but on this as on all high questions it will strive to keep a free platform for open discussion within such limits as space, courtesy and editorial perspective permit.

Kate Gannett Wells

"Gannett" is a name beloved by our readers, suggesting as it does a revered father and a much honored son. "Wells" is a name to conjure by in the zone of Boston and Harvard College, for it suggests a husband who, in the midst of a busy and successful business career, identified himself with many educational and philanthropic activities and those high up in microscopy were glad to reckon with him and his achievements.

But the three names together—Kate Gannett Wells

—make a name that carries a signifiance of its own, a name that suggests a life full of good work, diligent in season and out of season and none the less a leader of the people because she was a gentlewoman, a tender mother, a skillful home-maker.

UNITY and UNITY readers owe a special debt of gratitude to one who mothered so many of its causes and sustained so many of its workers. In the days when UNITY was an infant, when the Western Unitarian Conference *was an issue* and the ethical versus the Christian or dogmatic position *was the basis* of the church, and denominational union was a question for controversy, in the days when the old All Souls Church of Chicago was being built by the contributions of men and women from ocean to ocean who believed in its contention, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells gave counsel and encouragement to the writer. Her home was his Boston headquarters, and she paved the way into the confidences and the purses that brought Boston and Chicago, the East and the West, into sympathetic nearness on the lines, issues and causes implied by the title and motto of this paper. A good sister, a wise friend, a sagacious counselor—all this she has been to the Editor of UNITY, and his grateful confessions, are such as countless others would be glad of the privilege to record. In the absence of more direct information, we are glad to reproduce the following notice which appeared in the columns of the *Christian Register* of December 21, 1911:

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells died suddenly Dec. 13, after an illness of brief duration. She attended service at Arlington Street Church on Sunday, as was her custom, and her condition was not thought to be serious until the day before her death, which was peaceful and without any suffering. Her last published literary work was an historical review of "Fifty Years of the Arlington Street Church," in the *Transcript* of Saturday, Dec. 9, which recounted in her delightful style the events of earlier days of that parish.

Mrs. Wells was born in England about sixty-six years ago, and was the daughter of the late Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, D. D., minister of the Arlington Street Church, where he succeeded Doctor Channing. He was a grandson of President Ezra Stiles of Yale, but was himself a graduate of Harvard, where he subsequently served as overseer.

Mrs. Wells did much literary and public work. She was long a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education and served almost three terms of eight years each. She was also deeply interested in the work of the Normal Art School and was identified with its growth and development. She was chairman of the board of visitors at the Art School for ten years and was an honorary member of the Alumni Association. She was also chairman of the board of visitors to the Framingham Normal School, where Wells Hall, built in 1902, was named by the State Board of Education in honor of her. She was a member of a similar board at the Hyannis Normal School, where, thirteen years ago, she was especially active.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead has said of her:—

"Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells had been during the whole period of my own life in Boston one of the noblest and most useful women in the city, one of the most conspicuous and devoted in good works. She was a public possession, and we are all her debtors for manifold and indefatigable public service."

The love of one human being for another is a world in itself,—a marvelous medley, embracing every chord in humanity's harp.

—*Willis George Emerson.*

CORRESPONDENCE

A Professor Scarified

To the Editor of UNITY:

The article by George Burman Foster in UNITY of December 28, on "The Status of Woman," harks back to the days of Dr. Fordyce's sermons and Dr. Gregory's "Legacy to His Daughters." The writer is evidently a survival from mediaeval times, and must feel sadly out of place in this rapidly evolving world. In the language of George Meredith, of whom he probably never heard, because Meredith was unknown to people of the eighteenth century, Mr. Foster should dis-Turk himself and de-orientalize his gleeful notions of womankind.

But one would no more argue with him than with Dr. Fordyce. His statements are curious in much the same way that the Ptolemaic theory of the universe is. One might have thought, on reading his first sentence, that the writer was ironical, that it was a sort of extravaganza, but no, the fellow is in dead earnest. He would class Jane Addams, Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, and Sarah Platt Decker as "super-sexual monstrosities."

Mr. Foster assures us that he will remain "calm and composed amid any stormy opposition to this view of the subject. It cannot be shaken." Who would attempt so cruel a disillusionment? With a smile we leave this unique specimen with his delightful notions of dependent, submissive femininity, vaulting into man's arms "to shelter there, to lean upon him, to look up to him, to follow him." He says that woman "actually expects man to appropriate her and to make out of her what she ought to be. She wants to adore and to be enraptured, to be embraced and led, to be subdued and mastered." Not in years have we come across so many quaint statements: one involuntarily looks for the long s's that were in vogue in the days of such primitive ideas. It is really delightful, occasionally, to be carried back in this way: it enables us to see what strides we have made.

Indianapolis, Ind. GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

On the Status of Woman With Apologies

Long years ago when the writer was trying to lure a bevy of little folks into a love of numbers, a "system" was introduced by the school authorities which was to clarify the science, "Arithmetic made easy." Under this two and two not only made four, but through an interminable labyrinth of reason and analysis the fact was proved. How the little fellows staggered under the load, and the teacher—I hope is forgiven. Its effect was to mystify and magnify that which seemed as easy and natural to the children as the petals of a rose.

Now my good friend, Professor Foster, I feel sure will pardon me when I confess that a reading of his article on "The Status of Woman" recalls that staggering experience. It all seems so simple and natural to be a woman. Reared in a home where the boys and girls, without the aid of metaphysics, found their own; educated at co-educational institutions, where the "status" of each was determined

by deportment and class standing, and later journeying with one whose only classifications were based on the qualities of the soul, it is bewildering now to wake up and find myself with the entire sisterhood on the dissecting table.

Dissected, dessicated, analyzed and classified, rolled under the mills of metaphysics, swished through the currents of philosophy, colored by the glow of orientalism with microscope, telescope, searchlight and X-ray—where are we at and who are we anyway? VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

To Mr. George Burman Foster (per favor of the columns of UNITY).

Dear Sir: Here is my idea of "Woman's Status."

Yours, ALICE HENRY.

COMRADES

I'd like to be a clinging vine
And twine aroung some sturdy oak;
No leaves should be so green as mine
Nor tendrils cling with softer stroke.

But if no sturdy oak were near
I'd have to creep and crawl around;
And then some cruel foot, I fear,
Might press my green leaves in the ground.

So I'll just lift my head up high
And be a pretty tree so straight,
Forever reaching toward the sky
I'll brave the winds of any fate.

Who knows! Perhaps when I'm grown tall
And am a lovely, graceful tree,
The sturdy oak beyond the wall
May reach his brawny arms to me,
And we'll shake hands, my comrade tree.

—*Nannie Parker.*

THOSE CHIMES PROPHETIC

It is the phophet soul of man
That swings these Christmas bells;
A faith, a hope, an aim, a plan,
Each age to ages tells—
"Goodwill to all—Ill will to none!"

I would not swell the envious throng
That jostle for the crown;
Those bells the Golden Rule prolong
Through all the sordid town—
"Ill will to none—Goodwill to all!"

I would not emulate the proud
Who trample down the weak;
My Neighbor's each man in the crowd,
Those bells to each one speak—
"Goodwill to all—Ill will to none!"

Wild warring bulls that Bashan shake,
Fierce tigers in the wood,
No Christmas know; but man can make
Beggar and slave his good—
"Ill will to none—Goodwill to all!"

Yes, I'm a man with reason crowned,
With moral sense endowed,
Within my heart, and all around,
Those bells appeal aloud—
"Goodwill to all—Ill will to none!"

Man's right to life, man's right to love,
To work, and rest, and bread,
Till knowledge, culture, beauty prove
Those prophets true who said—
"Ill will to none—Goodwill to all!"

Till all the earth's at Bethlehem,
And Christmas every day,
The belfry—mellower life of men,
Their deeds—the bells that say—
"Goodwill to all—Ill will to none!"

WALTER WALSH.

TO THE ARCHITECTS OF THE METROPOLIS

(*Suggested by the Child Welfare Exhibition*)

I.

Let not the towers be blackened anywhere,
And let no cloud of smoke with demon-breath
Wither the lungs of babes just born today
Or make youth's bridal-time a life in death.

And will you leave the hopeful street a ditch?
And is it naught, O builders that pass by,
That you might fill rank corridors with light,
Restoring many a blear and blinded eye?

II.

Some men, not blind, still think amid the filth.
Some scholars see vast cities like the sun:
Bright hives of power, of justice and of love—
In brains like these, our Zion has begun.

What will you do to make their thought come true?
Or will you tread their pearls into the earth?
Friends, when such voices rise despite the time,
What are your shabby, rich-man's temples worth?

Why should you build cathedrals for the strong
Scorners of men, who never learn to pray?
Why summer-bowers for their philandering sons,
Blaspheming life, diseased by vicious play?

Take not your fees from those that pay too well,
But plan slow, epic things for crumbs and crust.
Lay out a hundred years, that at the end
Will make a Zion, vast, redeemed, august.

III.

Go plant the crafts that woo the weariest,
The arts that simple workmen understand,
The luxury that cannot hurt the poor,
Nor drive fair Lady Honor from the land.

Old crafts, rich crafts, that give a deep delight
To all who make, to all who use and see:
New crafts where roughest men can hint at thought
And write life's lyric in a hand set free:

The deathless touch of ages worked anew
Upon the door of every tiniest room;
The joy of living painted on the walls:
And dazzling fabrics wrought on Art's home-loom.

Decking the parks—wool, velvet, silk and gold:
Old pageants marching that were long-time dead,
Innocent gambols, harp and song afoot—
To praise the day when Art and Freedom wed.

IV.

Ah, then come codes and fine observances
Upon clean streets 'mid those now called the poor:
Each child a fairy to the brother-child:
Hyena's whelps and cubs of wolves no more—

Ah, then the world is Eden once again—
The CHURCH—each garden ground where roses nod:
The STATE—each flower hung home, secret and still
Aglow with adoration for our God.

Where every child is born of passionate love,
Cradled in tenderness and sacred joy:
Gay little maidens with the hearts of nuns:
Where Galahad is born in every boy . . . . .

'Tis not too late to build our young land right,
Cleaner than Holland, courtlier than Japan,
Devout like early Rome, with hearths like hers—
Hearths that will re-create the breed called Man.

V.

Then, comrades all, you men that have so much
As bread and roof, so much as one poor crust,
Let that suffice the while we build and build
Our deathless Zion—vast, redeemed, august.

Springfield, Ill. NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

THE PULPIT

The Self-Revelation of the Bible

By Rev. Alexander Webster, of Aberdeen, Scotland

It is evident to those who have studied the Bible in modern light that it consists of a selected portion of Jewish writings produced in a natural way in the course of the religious life of the people of Israel. The various books bear evident marks common to all human literature, and thus prove their naturalness. They mirror the conditions of Hebrew life, the ideals and character of the people, and reveal the inner working of the Hebrew soul in its search for God.

All the writings are peculiarly Jewish,—those of the New Testament no less than those of the Old Testament. Even where, in the more ancient parts, there are traces of Egyptian and Babylonian ideas, the substratum is Jewish; and in the later documents where there is a Grecian flavor, the substance is Jewish. The atmosphere, the color, the spirit is Hebraic.

The Bible is the contribution of Israel to Theology, Religion and Ethics. It is a revelation of Israel's response to divine stimulation. It shows the working of a nation's soul; its crude, childish, superstitious movement; its gropings, mistakes, and infidelities; its waywardness, its agonies and joys. It is an invaluable illustration of the rise of a natural religion in the soul of an earnest people. It discloses, all through, the influence of Nature, and is a chronicle of the spontaneous movement of the Hebrew soul under the touch of the besetting Infinite Presence. The naturalness and humanness of the literature are evident in every part. In every page we see the Jew wondering, observing, reflecting, as one obsessed by the invisible Power, felt behind and before, claiming him as its instrument. We see a tribal religion beginning savagely and rising through various gradations to sublimity. It is a local, clannish product, as peculiar to the region of its emanation as the Hebrew features and speech. It has no authority beyond the Jewish mind, no value beyond Jewish experience. We have to read and judge it always in view of its tribal origin and with regard to the circumstances of the people whose spiritual experiences it represents.

The most evident thing in the Bible is the idea Israel had of its own unique importance. This is the primary revelation made by the Bible. According to that idea, Israel is the chosen nation, through which alone God is to manifest himself. It is to be the recipient and custodian of his exclusive self-disclosure, the instrument through which his saving grace is to be declared to the nations. Israel is God's people in a way in which no other is: it is the enlightener, the ruler, the leader. Out of it Messiah is to come, and the salvation of mankind is to proceed from it.

The idea was an illusion. Israel's dream of conquest and possession, its Messianic mirage stand in history as pious phantasms.

The study of the Hebrew records defects, errors of thought more calamitous than cosmological mistakes. The discovery of myth and legend in the Bible, of unveracious chronicles, of deliberate coloring in the interest of party, are not the most important. The most vital and significant fact, with which very serious issues are connected, is that the Bible reveals the inherent untruthfulness and ineffectiveness of autocratic theology and ceremonial religion.

That is the inward spiritual tragedy which the Bible impressively discloses. Behind all merely literary questions with which biblical criticism has to deal, there lies the grave fact to expound which is the business of the prescient philosopher. Without intending it, the Biblical writers show Israel's unrest, the futile endeavor of its soul to find quietness within the yoke of an imagined Theocracy, and peace under the burden of appeasing ceremony. The essential significance of the Bible lies in this. It is an exposure of Israel's egotism, a record of Israel's autocratic effort for dominance, a witness to the vanity of selfishness.

Biblical students are now seeing the tremendous mistake made by dogmatists regarding the Bible. Orthodoxy regarded the Bible as having a superhuman origin and being infallible throughout. It declared that in the Bible there is the only revelation made by God to man, the only light regarding life and destiny. Upon the Bible it hung the whole weight of Truth, connected eternal bliss with the acceptance or rejection of its words, and made its study the one thing of vital concern.

We have to say now very plainly that too much has been made of the Bible in this way; its importance has been overestimated, its value has been overstated. We are conscious now of nature as the universal revelation of God, and our concern has gone from the Book to the Universe. We see that the man who is to speak for God today must be a student of the Universe; not a Biblicist only, but a Naturalist mainly; not learned in texts, but aware of facts.

We have attributed sacredness to the wrong things. We have misplaced God. Our concern now is, not with the authority and message of the Bible, but with the authorship and meaning of the Universe. It does not matter to us vitally who wrote the Pentateuch, but it does matter much as to what power gave us our five senses. The dates of the gospels do not concern us so much as the way in which intelligence comes to the mind and how we are related to God by reason. Our religion is not bound up with our use of the Bible, but with our use of the brain.

Whether Paul's view of "the Lord from heaven" is true or not is not so important as whether Darwin's view of the evolved humanity is true.

We are endeavoring to see things in their natural perspective and proportions. We are required in modern light to take the Bible on literary ground. "It comprises," as Professor Robertson Smith said, "a number of books and pieces given to the church by many instrumentalities and at various times. It is our business to separate these elements from one another, to examine them one by one, and to comprehend each piece in the sense which it had for the first writer, and in its relation to the needs of God's people when it was writtten."

And, as Dr. Martineau pertinently affirmed, "If divine and human elements lie mixed in scripture, mere textual interpretation cannot insure to us the pure object of our quest and be the final act of our work; there is yet an ulterior discrimination to be effected before the sacred truth stands clear. It is not enough to reach the meaning of the words; the critique, if it is to yield any guiding results, must advance into the thought itself, and draw forth the imperishable essence from the transitory accidents."

We are also required to study the Bible in connection with other similar collections of religious writings. We find that other peoples besides the Hebrews produced literature embodying their thoughts of the Infinite. Each tribe and nation and race has had its own wonder and reflection regarding the author of life. Each has had its seers, its writers and its Bible.

"The general result of the whole survey," as Dr. Martineau learnedly indicates, "is this—that while on one hand, historical criticism has to take the place of mechanical harmonizing, and along with moral and philosophical principles of appreciation to enter into the interior of scripture; on the other, a consecration passes out upon knowledge once 'profane' and draws all history into the drama of divine revelation. There is no tendency whatever in the present stage of theology to abate anything of the old thoroughness of Biblical studies—but there is an imperative need to take them up as part of a wider system, and bring them into more genial relations with the whole circle of mental culture, and especially with the other modes by which human thought seeks an apprehension of the divine."

There are several things which the Bible shows specifically (1) The naturalness of religion, (2) the error of national egotism, and (3) the unveracity of the sacrificial idea.

The Bible presents many evidences of the naturalness of its theological conceptions. The more distinctly worshipful parts—the Psalms, for example, are full of natural images. Therein the Hebrew soul is seem as directly reflective of God as he appears in the forms of nature around it. He is "the fountain of life," the "wellspring," the "river of its delight." He is the "sun," the "shade," the night radiance. He is a "rock," a "shield," a "buckler." He proves to be a "refuge," a "fortress," a "stronghold." Moreover, he is regarded as a "high-tower," a "sanctuary," an "ark."

And, viewed from the human side, he is a "shepherd," a "defender," a "king." He has "eyes," "ears," "hands" and "feet." He is provided with "breath." "strength," and "wisdom." The "clouds are his chariot," he "rides upon the wind." He "speaks," "laughs" and "curses." He is very militant: "Lord of Hosts," "a mighty man of war" with "his sword upon his thigh." There is hardly an object in nature or a faculty of humanity that is not used to depict him. It is quite clear that the theological images are natural, and entirely local and circumstantial in their character.

The inspiration of the psalmists came through their own natural senses. Their theology was Palestinian. Their religion was the spontaneous emotion of their soul under the consciousness of the divine hand laid upon them.

The prophets are as naturalistic as the psalmists. They point to nature as the sphere of God's manifestation and through which knowledge of him is to be obtained.

The character and ethical aspects of God's doings are also drawn from experience. Yahweh is a magnified Israelite, a projected Moses or Samuel, with a touch of Abram and Jacob. All that was deemed best in their own heroes was attributed to him. He is their highest, idealized infinitely. The Hebrew literature in this respect throws light upon the workings of the mind regarding the invisible, and shows how the mind theologizes by means of its own sensations and reflections. The particular use of the Bible to us lies in its enabling us to trace the course of a nation's theology and religion for a long period, and see how certain ideas arose.

In the stretch of thought which the Hebrew writings embrace, we have a period long enough to illustrate the natural working of evolution through intellect. We see a theological conception beginning with a sort of fetishism or animism, and rising through definite stages to a lofty spirituality.

Israel was compact enough for a period to acquire a national conscience. Within that time it grew from a semi-savage to a semi-civilized state. In its later history it was broken up and its ideas changed, but there is enough of the unbroken period to show what belonged to its tribal thought. Its life in Canaan under judges, kings and priests was molded on definite, authoritative lines. Its religion was formed round a sacrificial system of an elaborate kind, while on its political side a Messianic idea grew up as a hope against the captivities and rendings to which it had been subjected. That hope proved abortive, and the sacrificial system was dissolved by the uprising of a loftier moral sense.

The dissolution of the sacrificial system is the most important thing presented in the Bible. We see the beginning of the dissolution in the ethical ideas of the prophets. The first break in the sacrificial practice and sign of the rise of the prophetic principle is found in the words of Samuel—"To obey is better than sacrifice." We trace it from thence through the psalms and the prophecies in the protest of the ethical consciousness and the rising spirituality. In Isaiah it rises into an explicitly declared abhorrence of the bloody offering on the part of God. They are exposed as an abomination, and the whole priestly system is put away as insufferable.

But it is in the teaching of Jesus that we come upon the most radical objection to the egotism of Israel and the sacrificial system. The prophets, while revolting from the bloody altar, retained the national idea and glorified it in rapturous anticipations of absolute supremacy. Jesus made the idea of a universal fatherhood fundamental and thereby placed religion on new ground. The relationship of man to God was changed from that of a subject to a monarch to that of a Son to a Father. The feeling of God was placed in a new aspect. He was no longer regarded as bloodthirsty, but as forgiving. He did not stand as a vengeful judge over man, a vile criminal, but had the gracious attitude

of a parent. The worship of God was no longer a sensuous ceremony, but a spiritual emotion, springing from a desire for truth in the inward parts.

The teaching of Jesus was an entire reversal of the established priestism and a counteraction of the ingrained selfishness. He carried the prophetic antipathy to the sacrificial system further forward and inspired a new emotion in love to God and man. His preaching of Fatherhood abolished Mosaism. The mere pronunciation of the term "Father," by Jesus, with his glad moral accent, did away with the feeling which prompted burnt offering. When the priests heard it they knew they had got their dismissal. Caiaphas divined what it meant, and determined on the cross. The implication was evident. Jesus made it unmistakable. He entered the temple with a whip to drive out the traffickers in altar materials. He virtually superseded the altar by placing reconciliation with the brother before the sacrificial gift.

Paul, in his own way, knew that Jesus had made an end of offering for sin, and the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews represents him as abolishing the savage idea that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

The bearings of this dissolution of sacrifice have not been realized. It is the most essential thing in the teaching of Jesus, but it has not been apprehended. He has been regarded as adopting the sacrificial idea and fulfilling it by offering himself as a substitutionary victim in the end of time. But he was actually its determined opposer. His idea of God forbade it; the model prayer ignores it; the parable of the prodigal son confutes it. The whole current of his utterances is against it. Only in words which are not his, but are put into his mouth by the gospel writers, do we find any countenance of it.

Yet he has been made the center of a dogmatic system of vicarious sacrifice in which all the Mosaic savageness is embodied. He has been made responsible for the whole of the old barbarous worship, with its continuous slaughter of innocent beasts and its burning of beauteous grain.

But the mind of the immediate followers of Jesus was so Hebraic that they could not see him outside Judaism. They made him a Messiah for a reformed Mosaism which, in its turn, would have been as exclusive and but a little less sensuous than the old. They made him high priest of a new propitiatory dispensation, though the religion he set up had no priest or slaughter.

But worse still befell the Gospel of Fatherhood designed to introduce spiritual worship. The mediaeval dogmatists, with the Bible in hand, constructed a new Hebraism and made Christ the center of it, thus undoing the work of development to which Jesus set himself. And so it came to pass that when the liberated soul sought for the preacher of God's perfect Fatherhood, he had this sad experience.

> "The sweet familiar Nazarene is lost
> Beneath the waving of fine priestly hands.
> His tender, troubled face looks dimly out
> Across the incense smoke . . .
> He is buried deep
> In piles of craven stone, and lies forgotten
> Beneath the triumph of cloud-questing spires."

That certainly was the most disastrous thing, next to his crucifixion, which happened to Jesus. It perverted the effect of his life and teaching, and reinstated the ideas he had put away.

We are beginning to apprehend the baneful influence of that perversion. It not only made the rational mind averse to Jesus, but set it against the Bible. We have to recover both from the Hebraic dogmatists. The work of the Biblical critic is now almost complete; we need as its consummation that of the Biblical philosopher. It is his to make it plain that the use of the Bible as a textbook and basis for a new sort of egotism and appeasement is unwarranted by the evolutional influence which runs through the Bible as a whole and is especially condemned by the teaching of Jesus. We have to get at the inner meaning of the Bible through its highest prophetic thought. We get the clue to it in the reformatory ideal at work correcting the egotism and abolishing the sacrifice.

When we have released ourselves from the dogmatic influence, we observe the failure and condemnation of the selfish autocracy of the Hebrews. We perceive that absolutism of rule of every sort is against the deeper spirit of the Bible. Dictation, dogmatism and race dominance are forbidden. Yet these are the main things which came from Latin Christianity into orthodoxy. We become aware that the whole system of dogma which has prevailed for centuries in the name of Christ is utterly without the higher sanction of the Bible and the approval of Jesus. The authority of reason it never had, and now that its textual support is gone it is entirely without warrant.

We are now relieved, literally and ethically, from the old idea of the divineness of the "first covenant." We can no longer connect God with the early Hebraic selfishness as a thing to be glorified and eternized. We take it now as a stage in the natural development of Israel's soul, but the actual seal of God must be reserved for the highest manifestation.

We have to recognize in Jesus not continuance but conversion. Taking in the line of his ancestry, we should not expect to find a likeness to Jacob or to Moses, or even to David, but rather an unlikeness. Indeed it is not in the priestly or on the kingly line that we have to take him, but on the prophetic. Still he was not there as a repetition or copy, but as a variant, with profound difference. He was well aware of the necessity for variance, and not only welcomed it in himself, but set others for it.

The Bible will be to us a godsend when it directs us forth to the present sphere of his developed operation, there to wonder and worship; and also when it leads us in betimes to enhallow our consciousness of the highest even more than any temple, and to listen to the divine voice within more intently than to any rehearsal of dogmas and traditions.

What each reader of the Bible who gets at its essentialities learns is that the sacredest thing for him is his own soul, for the sake of its highest capability; that it is his portion in God, the organ of the revelation made directly to him; the means whereby he can realize life with God. To read his own personality, to educate its faculties, to sanctify

its powers is his religious work. Therein God has embodied a word for him: therein is his inspiration: therein is his kingdom in which he reigns with God.

Why Men Avoid the Ministry

I trust some result will follow the article of Mr. Holmes in UNITY for December 14, 1911. I have no new suggestions to offer, perhaps no help to give, yet for possible information I will indicate my experience in the Unitarian ministry. If anyone detects complaining, he will be reading it into the article.

While in the East two years ago, my wife and I chafed at the seeming pecuniary spirit of some of our minister friends in desiring a certain minimum in salary, and in looking for comfortable positions. Perhaps they were nearer right than we. I say right, because the moral quality enters into this question.

We came from the comfortable East to the hustling West to a small Unitarian church that has always had to struggle to exist. We receive a salary comparatively fair, yet small in relation to comparative living expenses. We are economizing in every respect, having as our motto, "Live within your salary," yet with a family of four, two of them babies, we are not making expenses.

Since our ministry here can be of worth only as it extends over a period of five years at least, and the condition of running behind each year confronts us, we are doubtful as to the outcome. Yes, we are on the free list for many things, yet think what that means to sensitive natures! Friends everywhere assist us financially, and each gift is received readily and with relief, but—. And we could not stay here without them.

And the band of workers in the church are carrying a heavy burden; President, Secretary, Treasurer, Alliance, are scheming to raise money, and are obliged to give most of their spare time to this side of church life. The minister and helper are striving to instil high ideals of spiritual life into minds that are wondering where the minister's salary is to come from, and how next month's salary can be raised at once.

Thus the Minister's central purpose, his reason for being, that for which he is devoting his life, is partially thwarted.

These are real factors: inadequate salary, causing cramping and lessening self-respect; churches on a chaotic scramble for funds, turning the attention from what the church is striving to stand for. This is the situation in many places; it is our situation here. And try as we do to hold the ideal attitude in our thought of brotherhood, and to trust in God's providence, this minister and wife admit a creeping depression which cripples our usefulness.

Do not think we intend to leave the ministry,—not yet. But if we do, it will be for the same reason that many others do,—for the sake of giving our children a fair chance in life. We came out expecting a struggle financially, but because of erroneous calculations, have succeeded in burdening others with our debts. This is immoral, at least embarrassing. We are not alone.

We know, of course, that the financial is only one phase and a minor one, and I mention it because it is our special problem, and, for brevity, I will confine myself to it. Apart from it, the compensations appear to us greater than those of any other vocation in all the world.

I favor Mr. Holmes' plan of a committee of investigation, and perhaps his scheme could be supplemented by an additional inquiry into actual existing conditions among the present ministers. If my memory serves me correctly, some such plan was executed, and one of the suggestions was an increase in salaries. Good! But how, in half the places, can it be accomplished? It can come only through the Association, thus making and keeping the churches missionary enterprises. This is not ideal, and yet if it were possible, would certainly make more efficient ministries than at present.

I will close with two suggestions. The first is impossible at present. It is that a co-operation be arranged by all denominations to withdraw all aid to the churches from the central organizations. This would weed out the surplus of churches in separate communities, and allow the survival of those churches where real interest demands them.

The second suggestion is possible. I would suggest for our Unitarian Churches a minimum salary in any part of the United States, and perhaps a permanent committee to recommend the various salaries to the different ministers according to the needs and circumstances in the several localities. If word went out that the Association would allow no minister to receive less than the minimum, after the usual adverse criticism this circumstance would add dignity to dignity.

My purpose in this article is to supplement Mr. Holmes, and if possible to arouse the expression of opinion and to call forth other experiences.

A LEARNER.

MY LITTLE GIRL

There's one little girl that you don't know,
She's ever, always on the go,—
My! how she cries when she stubs her toe!
And she's my little girl.

Her nose is stub, and her hair is red;
She gets real cross when she's not fed;
She would sit up when she should go to bed,—
For she's my little girl.

But when she sails to "By-a-Way" land,
And her eyes grow dim from the sandy man,
My heart's held fast in her chubby brown hand,
Since she's my little girl.

Old Father Time's a-traveling fast;
His stride is long as the days run past,
I pray he'll spare me my sweet little lass
For she's my little girl.

Give folks their houses and men their wealth,
Fine ladies their dogs,—and hats large as a shelf—
If only you'll grant me my dear little elf.—
For she's my own little girl.

—*Carlyle Summerbell.*

'Tis the front toward life that matters most—
The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true.

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

Is It True?

Cornelia A. P. Corner in an article in the December *Atlantic Monthly,* entitled "The Vanishing Lady," indicates some tendencies in our American life which I have been pointing out for several years past. Now I am as naturally optimistic as my friends, Dr. Jones or Dr. Batchelor, but the facts, as I see them, and as Miss Corner has so clearly pictured see them, fill me with sadness and fear.

Now I wish to ask, is it true, as Miss Corner points out, that the lady is vanishing, that the finest flowers of womanhood are fading, that our American life no longer centers about high thinking, the love of beauty, the passion for purity?

Is it true that time is frittered away upon trivialities, and there is no leisure for the cultivation of art and science, philosophy and religion?

Is it true that the people who have plenty of money seem to be the most deficient in all those things that make money valuable?

Is it true that among the crowds of people racing after pleasure, few are really happy?

Is it true that in the driftings of society, certain of the old flavors are lost and that there is less of real hospitality, social charm and charity?

Is it true that the gulf that divides the well-to-do from the working classes grows deeper, and that those household duties, that oversight, that tenderness of service which once made a house a home, are now relegated to servants?

Is it true that with all our schools and colleges there is less of real cultivation than thirty years ago? that with all our libraries, fewer of the great immortal books are read, that the fiction of the magazines constitutes the reading of the people?

Is it true that increase of income does not mean increase of hospitality, culture, courage, taste, refinement?

Is it true that in a wreck of a limited train on a great railroad, though there was no danger of fire, "men fought their way out over the bodies of women?"

Is it true, as Miss Corner says, that in the novels of David Graham Phillips we find the types of our ruling classes, those "who eat, drink, work, marry, as the brutes that perish," whose gods are money and power?

I know there are multitudes of men who would scorn to touch the dishonest dollar, multitudes of women who do not live for mere fashion and pleasure, the Hypatias, the Jane Addamses of life, but is it true that the majority of our American ladies no longer find life moving about high thoughts, the tendernesses, the courtesies, the great spiritual ideals?

Is it true that the beauty of their womanhood is gone, just as if one were to draw a white-wash brush across the face of Murillo's beautiful Madonna in the Pitti?

If this be true, or only one hundredth part true, must we not realize it? O God, should we not live with a greater spiritual courage, a deeper sense of divine things? O for more examples of true living like that of Channing. How his character stands before me like the sight I once had of Mont Blanc rising into the blue, transcendently beautiful in her serene, "snowy eternal stillness."

Jamestown, N. Y. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

Magazines that Count

Are you reading LaFollette's Autobiography in the *American Magazine?* I hope you are. It is not the story of a mere statesman, seeking for political power; it is the struggle of the age against the shadowing influence of a less moral past. The hand of God is shown in the victory which is being won over one evil spirit after another, by a man who has only cared to be right. "Will you vote for him for president?" That is hardly the question. I will vote for the principles which he represents if I can find my way through the snarls of selfishness which will be expressed during the campaign of 1912. I think we are rapidly coming to a time when we are willing to trust a true straight-forward man rather than a complicated platform of promise.

Outing has entirely got away from the wretched influence of mere sport, that is, what has been called "sport." In the January number it has a capital article on the Rhode Island Red Fowl, and another on domesticating deer and elk, and another careful one on what it costs to run an automobile, and another on Morocco, and another on the Newfoundland dog; and so it goes on winning its way among the lovers of clean country life and country doings. Wretched flunkery and silly joking have parted ways with *Outing.* I can recommend the magazine without discount. The *Literary Digest* is always admirably edited, and that is enough. I am glad to see that the boys and girls pick up this magazine first. *Bird Lore* is as good as ever, only it is a little better. It should go with *Outing* for out-door life.

I am more than glad to find the *Country Gentleman* (bought by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia), still a weekly paper, and published at one dollar and fifty cents a year, but giving us excellent illustrations and reliable information. We have something like a dozen very costly farm magazines, and altogether they left just the place for the *Country Gentleman.* It was needed; it is admirably edited; and, all in all, I don't see how anyone in the country can get on without it.

I do not know just how many of you get hold of the *National Geographic Magazine.* It happens to be one of the indispensables in my family. It is history and geography and anthropology all combined in one. Just try the October or the November or the December number and see what you think of them.

E. P. POWELL.

Thou hast given me the wonder and the vision,
The dream and the desire;
Yet withered them root and branch ere their fruition,
Heaped dust upon my fire.
Given me the blinded eyes, the feet to wander
How far, oh God, from thee,
Like as the father pitieth his children,
Pity thou me.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A MODERN IROQUOIS INVASION OF ROCHESTER

Has anyone really solved the mystery of the American Indian's nature? Students of his character have said more than once that the ways of industry are not his ways, and that the primitive savagery that fills his veins will not permit him to bend his back to the workbench. Over against this stand examples of thrift and business sagacity presented by the prosperous farmers of the Cherokee Strip and Oklahoma. But the instances of the Indian working industriously at a trade are very few, and when found, are of sufficient interest to warrant more than a passing comment.

One instance of successful industry on the part of the red man is now very vivid in the writer's mind, and he is going to describe it briefly for he is sure that the readers of this magazine will be interested in the story.

Rochester stands but a comparatively short distance from the Tonawanda reservation of the Seneca Indians, in Genesee County. From time to time, straight, pine-like Indians may be seen stalking up and down the streets of the city, looking occasionally into the windows, but for the most part bearing themselves with that curiously high-bred air of their race. Most visits of this nature are made in the capacity of witnesses before the United States Circuit Court in civil or criminal cases against white encroachments or infractions of the liquor law. But the sight of younger Indians, youths of from 18 to 20 years of age, is now a common one in Rochester, and this is why: Rochester is reaching out inducements to the young reservation Iriquois to seek employment in her factories, and they are responding.

In one clothing factory in Rochester seven young Indians are employed, and these are the ones I am going to tell you about. They are all friends, and grew up together on the Tonawanda reservation. The youngest is about 17 years of age and the oldest about 22. Three of them are graduates of Carlisle school. They have been employed in this clothing factory for two years. Originally the band consisted of eight, but one died from the curse of the red man under a roof, tuberculosis. The other seven, however, are healthy looking and vigorous youngsters.

The first of the band got his job by coming in and asking for it. He told the superintendent that he had had nothing to eat for two days. He was looking for work, so that he could earn money to buy food. This he said in the quiet, unemotional and direct way of his people. There was no dramatic appeal, only the straight statement of a fact that was very clear in his mind. The superintendent was impressed, and asked the young fellow with the dark skin what he could do.

"You give me work; I will show you what I can do," was the answer he got. The superintendent put him to work in the sponging room. This is the place where the woolen fabrics are measured, shrunk and refinished for cutting into garments. The young Indian worked for a week at $6. The head of the sponging department came to the superintendent and said, "That redskin you put in here has made good. He tends strictly to business and he don't do any loafing on the job." The "redskin" received his first raise of $1 a week.

A month later he came up to the superintendent and said: "I have friends who are good boys. They will work here if you will let them. I have told them that this is a good place to work in and they want to come."

The superintendent told him to give them word to come ahead. Three responded. They went to work in the same department. Not very long after four more came. They also were put to work. One of them died. The announcement was made very quietly without show of grief or emotion. The fellow workmen of these red men insisted on being permitted to pay the funeral expenses, including a large offering of flowers. No latter day Indian in this part of the United States has had a more imposing funeral.

"Those chiefs mind their own business and put it over. You can't monkey with them. They are all right." This is the verbatim expression that fell from the lips of a fellow workman, whose skin is white. The Indians are known as "chief" by everybody. They grin when they hear the nickname.

This dictum about not "monkeying with them" is quite true. This happened to an unimaginative white man who attempted it: He did not like the idea of working beside dark skinned people. The white man's burden proved too heavy for him, and he said so one day. He told the nearest Indian one day that he hated "niggers" of any breed. The next day he took occasion to refer to the young Iroquois at his side as a "black snake." The sponging room foreman told the writer that he did not know exactly how it happened, but he saw the "black snake" strike, and the fastidious paleface hit the floor audibly, and the other young Indians never smiled or expressed any feeling whatever. They kept right on working. The pale face of the epithet habit quit work then and there, and departed, leaving three teeth on the sponging room floor. This episode visibly increased respect for the young Iroquois.

One of the band is employed in the trimming room, where the linings are cut to match the piece goods for the various garments. Here his inborn adeptness shows itself, and he is developing into a highgrade clothing cutter.

The foreman of the sponging room told the writer that he would not ask for any better workmen than these young Senecas. "They tend to business from the punching of the time clock to the 6 o'clock whistle. They don't mix much with the other boys, but there are not many white boys left in this room. We've got only two beside myself now. The Indians have outworked them, to tell you the truth."

Then he said something that would appear to explode the popular conception of the red man's impassivity. "They've got one fault," the foreman said, "and it sounds queer to tell it. I have to keep watch of them to see that they don't give the boss the idea that they are skylarking on the job. They are all the time talking to themselves in their own lingo, and laughing. At first I did not like it, but it don't seem to cut down on their working time any, so I got used to it, and let 'em go on, except when I think the boss is coming. He might not understand them."

The average wages of these young Indians is about $9 a week. They live together in a boarding house not far from the factory, and they have no intimates outside their own people. Two of them attend a night school. They neither smoke nor drink. They are clean in their personal habits, and there is no race feeling against them such as is so frequently shown towards the blacks. They keep strictly to themselves, however, but are courteous and apparently anxious to be polite, and are even-tempered. They respond to the "kidding" of the other workmen, and sometimes "come back" with a sharp piece of repartee that cuts the situation like an engraver's tool.

N. S. Olds, in *"The Common Good."*

The DREXEL LAUNDRY

3909 Langley Avenue, Chicago
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 642

BEST POSSIBLE LAUNDRY SERVICE

Bowman Dairy Company

Milk bottled in the country

Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?

4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all division offices.
Evanston -- Chicago -- Oak Park

HEALTH BULLETIN

USE WANZER'S GERM-NO MILK
WANZER'S DELICIOUS, RICH CREAM
WANZER'S BUTTER CUP BRAND CREAMERY BUTTER
All guaranteed and can be obtained only of

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS

21 E. THIRTIETH ST. Phone—Douglas 817
6315 KIMBARK AVE. Phone—Hyde Park 207
600 W. 71ST. ST. Phone—Stewart 139

ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS

INCORPORATED

Frank R. Prieve, President
4821 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Do Your
COMFORTERS, BLANKETS
RUGS, LACE CURTAINS, DRAPERIES,
and
GARMENTS NEED CLEANING?

Phone **SCHUMANN & CO.** 1442 Douglas
3954 Cottage Grove Ave.

Friendship Cards

Large folders, size 4 x 7, on special art paper. Price 15 cents each.

1. The Rosary ..... *Owen Innsley*
2. Start and Goal..... *C. G. Rossetti*
3. Flowers to the Living..... ..... *Helen Field Fischer*
4. What is Love ....*From the German*
5. A Friendship .....*Sophie Jewett*
6. Borderland... *Helen Field Fischer*
7. Oh, the Comfort ... *Dinah Mulock*
8. Some I Remember, and Will Ne'er Forget ... ... *R. Pollok*
9. I Have Found a New Friend .. ..*Ernest Crosby*
10. The Love of a Friend .... ..*Josephine Canning*

Good Wishes for Birthdays and Other Days

All That the Arms of a Summer Can Hold, Margaret Lee Ashley .... .10
God Bless Thee, Dear ..... Helen Elizabeth Coolidge ..... .10
The Tiny Craft (to send abroad).... Helen Elizabeth Coolidge .... .10
Love Be True to Her .. Large folder .10
Love Be True to Her .. Small folder .05
Father This Prayer I offer (for him) Ethel M. Colson ..... .10
Father This Prayer I offer (for her) Ethel M. Colson ..... .10
The Wish of a Friend ..... Ethel M. Colson ..... .10
May Sun and Moon and Little Stars Evelyn H. Walker ..... .10
Thou Mindest Me Of All Bright Things (to a young girl) ..Evelyn H. Walker ..... .10

Birthday Cards

From Wishing Land (hollyhock design) Robert Louis Stevenson ..... .15
From Wishing Land (clover design) . Robert Louis Stevenson ..... .10
From Wishing Land (plain) . . . . Robert Louis Stevenson ..... .05
A Birthday Song—Grace Denio . . . . Litchfield ..... .10
A Birthday Wish—Margaret Lee . . . Ashley ..... .10
Let This Auspicious Morning . . . . Dryden ..... .05
The Gladdest Year—Ethel M. Colson .10
Thy Birthday, Dear! (oak design) . . . Lilla T. Elder ..... .10
Thy Birthday, Dear! (ivy design) . Lilla T. Elder ..... .05

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago

Tel. Douglas 3882. Est. 1873

Wm. Wilson

Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery, Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago

DRUGS COMPLETE STOCK BEST QUALITY

C. R. WALGREEN & CO.

Successors to W. G. Valentine

39[illegible] Cottage Grove Ave.